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CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

"It would be too long to tell with what wiles, with what arts, with what violence, with what fury she drove her brother to persecute his adopted son, and her busband, the king (who even at that time was half a Christian himself) to permit this

half a Christian himself) to permit this ill-usage.

"I saw him, this young prince—not yet baptized, but a Christian in heart—shut up in a loathsome dungeon; where, in despite of the love he bore him, his father had suffered him to be confined, and deprived of the very necessaries of life, in the hopes of shaking his faith. Month after month he languished there, forbidden to see or to speak with a Christian; daily tormenied with threats, and deceived by false communications artfully daily tormented with threats, and deceived by false communications artfully conveyed. But one day that he was ill, his guards became anxious for his life, and the flute-player, who had long and anxiously hovered around those walls, was summoned into the tower, and desired to raise the Prince's spirits by the music which he loved. I was admitted into his presence, and I can see his beautiful face even now—pale and dejacted, but the very image of patient suffering—as he looked kindly upon me, whilst I knelt by the side of his couch. 'Anselm' he whispered, for he had often noticed me in past years, when I played on the flute in the streets, 'Anselm, we must not converse, or they will hurry you away. But one word I must say whilst you are tuning your instrument. I can bear But one word I must say whilst you are tuning your instrument. I can bear everything but what I have lately suffered. I know you are a Christian. For the love of Carist, go to Father Organtin, and ask him if he did indeed send me word that for the sake of the Church, and to save the lives of Christians, I must dis to save the lives of Caristians, I must dis-guise my faith and profess myself a heathen. If he commands me to do so, I must obey; but they are deceiving me, perhaps, and I think God has sent you to my aid to clear up this dreadful doubt. You will find means of letting me know his answer. Now begin to play, or my guards

"The next time I saw the Prince was at a great tournament in the plain of Vosuqui, He was magnificently dressed, and seated in the midst of the royal and seated in the most of the royal family; the most beautiful women of the Court were around him. The Queen with her basilisk eyes watching him with an expression in which affection and hatred seemed combined, like in the caress of a tiger or the blandishments of a vulture. Melodious strains were floating in the carescent beautiful waying in air; gorgeous banners proudly waving in the wind; worldly pomp and grandeur it; gorgeous banners proudly warmy in he wind; worldly pomp and grandeur compassing him about on every side, but his face was almost as pale as in the orison; his eyes were wandering anxiously over the assembled crowd. That eager clance met mine. It was enough. The color rushed to his cheek; he rose and adversed deally as if by accident, towards vanced slowly, as if by accident, towards the spot where I stood. I gave him a the spot where I stood. I gave him a letter from Father Organtin. The next instant the crowd had separated us, and I saw him no more that day. A few hours later the palace and the whole city were in an uproar. The King was absent, but the Queen and her brother Cicaton-dono had issued a proclamation threatening the Christians with death. The festival was at an end. The palace wrapped up in sadness and gloom; the Queen raving, it was said, and the bonzes vaning striving by their incantations to lay the

striving by their incantations to lay the demon her wild passions had evoked. "Cicatora had walked straight from the "Cicatora had walked straight from the tournament to the church and been baptized; he received the name of Simon, and returned to the palace, his face beaming with a joy so celestial that it struck all who beheld him. In the presence of the assembled Court he proclaimed the faith which he had awhile disguised, and by the burning eloquence of his avowal made several converts on the spot. Wild was the Queen's fury, and fierce her threats against the priests. But even as she was preparing an edict against the Christians, and loading her nephew with chains, her own son, Prince Sebastian, was riding to the church with all the Christian nobles own son, Prince Sebastian, was riding to the church with all the Christian nobles of the town, and drawing their swords to defend the servants of God; but the Fathers compelled them to lay down their arms, and instead of fighting to kneel down and pray. Never shall I forget the expression of these young warriors faces as they laid down their arms before the altar, the self-conquest of that hour, the altar, the self-conquest of that hour, the triumph of that submission, nor the divine with which Cicatora received the order to return to his dungeon and await his fate. But he was not doomed to lin-ger for ever in confinement, nor to pine away his life in slow decay. Another and more glorious doom was awaiting him. He was sent for to Court again. Once more tempted, once again surround Once more tempted, once again surrounded with every allurement that can be offered to the weakness of youth and the passions of manhood, and he stood firm, and, by God's grace, never swerved from his duty to God or to men. And then he was banished, and driven away in disgrace, and fell at the feet of his spiritual fathers, crying out with great joy. 'Now I am stripped of all, and I begin to live indeed; not I, but Christ in me.'

"Neither the dungeon nor the sanctuary was to shelter him long. He was to stand once more in the field of battle, with

skand once more in the first of a state, the green turf under his feet and the blue sky overhead. The Saxumans had invaded the kingdom of Bungo; their war vaded the kingdom of bango, and ward of the neighboring hills, their armies were gathered around Vosuqui, and Cicatendono stood alone in the city, without councillors and friends. The monarch and his sons were in a disc tant part of their dominions, and the brave old chieftain looked vainly around him for an arm as strong and a heart as him for an arm as strong and a near as dauntless as his own. Then he bethought him of the child of his adoption; of his banished, persecuted, Christian son; and the young hero was recalled to his side, and rode forth from the gates of the city amidst the warriors of Vosuqui. They were but a small band, and the Saxumans came to meet them with more than double came to meet them with more than double their strength. Wild was the attack, desperate the encounter, fierce and long the conflict. The veteran soldier, Cicatondono, fought like a lion; but if he did prodigies of valor, who can describe the exploits of Cicatora, of the young Prince Simon? who can relate how he kept the enemy at bay, how he plunged into the thickest of the fight, calling on the God of the Christians, and commending himself to Our Lady's protection? a hundred laces aimed at his breast, a hundred arrows flying around his head. But a cry from a distant part of the field has their strength. Wild was the attack, desperate the encounter, fierce and long the conflict. The veteran soldier, Cicatondono, fought like a lion; but if he did

passed from mouth to mouth, and reaches his ears just as his victory seems secure. 'Cicatondon is soraly beset; Cicatondono has fallen!' Swift as the arrow from the bow the prince darts acroes the plain; straight as the arrow from the bow his prayer speeds to the throne of God; the Christian son has offered his life for that of his unbaptized father, and that prayer is the last his lips shall ever form. He falls upon the foe like the Archangel Michael on the rebel host. It is the soul of his father he is fighting for: his arm is resistless; he beats back the enemy, he clears the space around him, he shelters with his own the aged warrior's faint and bleeding form, and the soldiers of Vosuqui bear away from the field the wounded but living father, and the son, like a Christian hero, lies on the blood-stained field, with his sword in his hand and his crucifix on his breat."

While Anselm had ceased to speak, it was some little time before the silence which ensued was broken by the Queen. She had listened with breathless attention to his tale, and drew a deep sigh as he concluded it. Many and rich were the gifts she offered him when he left the palace that night, but one piece of money for himself, and one for the poor, was all he would accept, and it was but a small share of the first which went to his own support.

support.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BAPTISM. Early in the morning Grace hurried to the church a little before the usual hour of Mass. Anselm was standing near the door waiting for her. As she went up to him her heart was beating so fast that she could hardly speak. "Anselm," she said, "is the child who was born blind and miraculously cured at the college at Meaco, the same as the little boy they call Angustine"."

The old man nodded assent.

"Whose son is he?" she asked, in a trembling voice, and her heart sunk within her as he answered:

"I don't know, dear lady, I never

"Then it is not the same child whom you saved from the river some six years ago, in the neighborhood of this place?"
He raised his hand to his forehead and reflected for a moment. "In truth I cannot tell you—THAT child I took directly some Christians in the neighborhood to some Christians in the neighborhood, who undertook the charge of him, and they may have sent him to the Fathers at Meaco; but I know nothing about it."

"Can you tell me their names?" eager-live select Charge.

ly asked Grace.
"Yes; the husband was called James

"Yes; the husband was caned sames, and the wife Martha. I will go to them to-day and find out what they did with the child, as you seem anxious to know; and as her Majesty has commanded me to play again before her to-night, I will let you know the result."

After Grace had heard Mass, she asked to see, Exthar Caspedes, and told him

to see Father Cespedes, and told him that the Queen's desire for baptism was becoming so irresistibly strong that she could no longer brook delay, and that she had formed a plan by which to accomplish her object. She had had a large case made in the shape of a coffin, and in the middle of the night she intended to be let down out of her window, and then by similar means over the outward walls of the palace, and then make her way to the church.
Grace explained this project with all the arder of youthful impetuosity, and was greatly disappointed when the Father charged her to dissuade the Queen from

He pointed out to her that it was full it. He pointed out to her that it was thin of dangers of various sorts—that if the plot was discovered, her Majesty's life might be endangered by the King's fury; and that she might be then exposed to die before she had received baptism; that she would risk not only her own safety, but that of her attendants, and be the cause in all probability of the supsafety, but that of her attendance in the cause, in all probability, of the suppression of the Church just re-opened in Arima. "Tell the Queen to be patient," he added; "to watch, to fast, and to pray. Her wishes will soon be fulfilled, pray. Her wishes will soon be fulfilled, and you, my child, prepare yourself by many acts of devotion and humilistica for the performance of a duty which will soon perhaps be entrusted to you. Come to me again to-morrow; I have heard start-ling news to-day, but they need confirmaling news to-day, but they need confirmation. We may all before long have to put on the armor of Christ, and brace ourselves for the conflict we are ever preparing for, since the day when our Lord said, 'The disciple is not greater than his Master; as they have persecuted Me, so will they persecute you.' God bless you, my child! Go amongst those new Christians in yonder palace, and be to them as the angel that walked by the side of the young Israelities in the fiery furnace. The Queen will need all the support your friendship can give her." Grace knelt down to receive the Father's blessing, friendship can give her." Grace knelt down to receive the Father's blessing, and hurried back to the palace. She found the King in the Queen's

apartments, and saw immediately that the latter was sorely disturbed. Fondas-adono did not look angry, but he was talking loud and long of some news he had just heard. When Grace entered the had just heard. When Grace entered the room he addressed himself to her. "Your father's friend, maiden, the sovereign to whom he is so devoted, has turned against the Christians; and people talk of an edict about to appear which will banish from the Ximo every priest of your religion. Justo will learn at last who are his friends and who his enem-

"I think he has known that already,"
"I think he has known that already,"
"I think he has known that already," said Grace calmly; "but duty and not feeling has been the rule of my father's

conduct."
"The Kumbo-Sama has been in a fearful passion, it is said. A Spanish sailor at
Nangazaqui boasted the other day, as he
sat in a house of public entertainment
where some of the Emperor's officers happened to be present, that his Sovereign
transition must be most powerful monarch in the where some of the Pineto's wreign is the most powerful monarch in the world; and spreading out a map on the table he pointed to his possessions in every part of the world. 'How is it possible,' said one of the lords of the court, 'that your King can obtain possession of so many foreign countries?' 'Ah, that is easy enough,' the Spaniard answered; 'he sends the missionaries in the first instance to any kingdom he wishes to conquer; for some years they preach and make converts, and then, when the Christians are powerful enough, they drive out the reigning Sovereigns and bring in the King of Spain.'"

"Alas!" cried Grace, "what use the enemy of man makes of a fool! and what a dangerous thing it is to speak unadvisedly."

and families: you cannot deny that, "In one sense I do; in another I d

"In one sense I do; in another I do not," answered Grace earnestly; "we can promise you, if you become Christians, the deepest, the truest, the only real peace which can be known in this world."

"Ay; if we become Christians! but if we won't, you will not leave us in peace."

"No," said Grace again, in the same tone; "a Caristian would not leave you in peace if he saw you unconsciously standing on the brink of a precipice, or asleep in the shade of the upas-tree, and he cannot leave you in peace whilst he hopes by any means to persuade you to renounce idolatry and receive the truth."

"You are young, and beautiful, and elequent, Grace Ucondono; but you speak too confidently about your religion: there are no doubt some good points about it, but, after all, how can we tell what is truth?"

"That question was asked of Him who came on earth to found our religion; He

did not answer it in words; He answered it by dying on a cross. There is not a Christian in Japan, Sire, who is not ready to give the Kumbo-Sama the same answer if he affords us the opportunity."

"I have sent to offer an asylum to your father and all your family in case they are included in this proscription; but no mention has been made of them in the report I have received. In the meantime I would recommend your priests to be prudent, and restrain their zeal within the bounds. There is an amount of interference which no Sovereign can tolerate; and the authority of a husband, and that husband a king, is too absolute to brook the shadow of an opposition to his commands." tion to his commands." As Fondasadono uttered these words

As Fondasadono uttered these words he cast a severe glance on the Queen, whose color went and came as she leant on Grace for support. When he had left the apartment, her attendants gathered around her, and one and all declared that they were ready and eager to shed their blood for Christ's sake; and kneeling at her feet, passionately blessed her for having procured for them the inestimable blessing of the true faith. She wrung her hands and said, "Yes, you are happy; you have been baptized; what reck you clife or of death now that your sine have f life or of death now that your sins have Baptism? You have no occasion to weep for yourselves, but you do well to weep for me. Oh, Grace, will not that Father have to answer for my soul who refuted to receive me into the Church, when kneeling at his feet I besought him with

Grace clasped her arms around her She said, "Wait, and be patient for a few brief moments, beloved one; I will seek the Father. But a few moments ago he spoke of you, and said you were soon to be baptized. Go into your oratory with all these Christian women; remain there in prayer before Mary's blessed image, and recommend yourself to her."

and recommend yourself to her."
"Grace, I am frightened," said the
Queen, turning very pale; "Fondasadono's eyes gleamed with fierce anger just
now; you do not know him as I do; he eaves Arima to-day to go to Ozaca, but I fear what he may do on his return. If his passions are once roused he may per-secute the Christians more fiercely than the Kumbo-Sama himself, and the more o that he once favored them. Oh! my heart sinks within me, and I have n strength for the conflict."

strength for the conflict."
Grace bent over her, kissed her pale cheek and her cold hands, and then hurried to the house of the missionaries.
When Father Cespedes saw her, he immediately said, "There is no time to lose, my child; the edict has gone forth at Meaco, and will probably extend to the tributary kingdoms. We cannot go to The Queen, and she cannot come to us. There is but one course left. Under the circumstances, it is not necessary that a riest should administer the sacramen of Baptism; to you, my child, it now belongs to fulfil the blessed duty. You have been long instructed in the mode of performing this act. Many a little infant, I have been told, has received spiritual life Grace bowed her head in assent, for her heart was too full to allow her to speak.

"Go then, and in the oratory where you assemble for prayer, gather together all the Christians in the palace, and in their presence baptize the Queen. It is a work of danger, Grace; it may involve you in a greater peril still than the one you have lately escaped. Are you you have lately escaped. Are you afraid?"

afraid?"

"Afraid of my own unworthiness,
Father; of nothing else am I afraid."

"God bless you, my child. I will remain in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament till you return or send me word that your holy task is accomplished."

When the Queen was told that Grace was to hortize her by an irresistible im-

was to baptize her, by an irresistible im-pulse she prostrated herself before her. "At your hands, dearest; at your hands I am to receive this ardently desired bless-

ing; then defer it not an instant."

Grace led the way to the oratory, and both knelt in fervent prayer; the Chrisboth knelt in fervent prayer; the Christian women standing around them with streaming eyes and joyful hearts. The life-giving water flowed on that careworn brow, and the words of grace and power were uttered slowly and distinctly in the hearing of all. Deep was the silence that followed. There are moments when the human voice dares not disturb the solemn intercourse that takes place between the soul and God, when prayer itself is voiceless, wordless in its intensity. The Queen was the first to rise, and a great change visible to all had come over

great change visible to all had come over her. The strange light in her dark eyes her. The strange light in her dark eyes was turned to a holy brightness. Faith was on her brow, hope in her smiles, and in the extended arms which she held out

in the extended arms which she held out all those young Sisters in Christ who were crowding round her there was char-ity greater even than faith and hope. "I am a Christian!" she exclaimed in a sacred transport; "now let the world do its worst; let the billows rage, let the winds roar, I am now within the ark." winds roar, I am now within the ark.

Grace was gazing on her with surprise
and awe: the change which baptism had
wrought in her friend had been sudden
and great; but in her own heart a more
extraordinary one had taken place. She
had ministered that sacred rite to another, and in the very hour when she had
done are new unearthly strain had rung

love gain a hearing from her, or earthly feelings share the affections of her heart. Not often is a change of this sort so sudden, so swift, so entire. Her vocation was revealed to her at once, and she was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. When death is hovering, as it were, in was revealed to her at once, as it were, in every breeze, and haunting us at every turn; when the world to come is a home close at hand, not a shadowy dream to be realized some far off day, the dealings of God with men's souls assume a more pressing character. There is then a reality in the spiritual life which gives no quarter, and rides roughshod over self-indulgent delays.

That same day Grace cut off her long hair; the sign with the Japanese women that they renounce the world and marriage. At the foot of the altar she made vow for ever to lead a life of obedience, chastity, and poverty; to devote herself

chastity, and poverty; to devote herself to the service of the poor, and join the first religious community of women that

first religious community of women that would come to Japan.

When she told Father Cespedes what she had done, he blamed at first the suddenness of her resolution, and the impetuosity with which she had acted. He even spoke with severity of the way in which she had disregarded an engagement sanctioned by her parents, and to which she had yielded her own full assent, but after she had opened her whole heart, and made known to him how direct and powerful had been the inspiration which had led her at once and for ever to consecrate herself to God, he suspended his judgment and feared to interfere with what he felt might be one of those exceptional ways in which He deals with privileged souls; especially in days of peculiar trial and fiery persecution. He charged her to confer with Father Organtin on her return to Mesco, and meanwhile to pray

to confer with Father Organtin on her return to Meaco, and meanwhile to pray without ceasing for light and guidance.

As she came out of the church, Anselm met her at the door. "Lady" he said, "I have seen the people with whom the child was left. They took him with them the following year to Nangazaqui, and left him with the Fathers; the boy that you saw at their college at Meaco is probably the same whom I saved from the river, and who was miraculously cured by the the same whom I saved from the river, and who was miraculously cured by the touch of Father Francis's handkerchief. Martha had taken from the child's neck this heathen charm; if you are making these inquiries with a view to finding out his parents, you had better take it with you. And now farewell, lady. I must travel quickly to Meace. There are rumors of a persecution on foot, and that guards have been set at the house of the Spanish Fathers, and our own Fathers also, and lists drawn up in which one might perhaps get one's name inserted.

also, and lists drawn up in which one might perhaps get one's name inserted. I am not going to miss such a chance." "I too shall soon be returning to Meaco," said Grace; "the storm never rages but the lightning falls on our house, and death or exile are doubtless in store for us. Anselm, as you travel along say a great many Te Deums, for God's mercies

great many Te Deums, for God s mercies to us have been great this day."

When she looked upon the charm which Anselm had left with her, Grace felt that she held in her hands what might at once clear up all doubts regarding the Queen's child, and she had a nervous fear of showing it to her, dreading the effect on her mind of the sight of this thing the had indeed as the supposed. object, if she had indeed, as she supposed, placed it round the child's neck before he was taken from her. But events were hurrying on. She received a message that night from her father recalling her to Meaco, and alluding briefly to the menacing state of affairs as regarded the Chris tians. There was no time to lose; and after inducing the Queen to speak of the grief which had made such wild have in her heart, and which cast a shade even even on her baptismal joy, she ventured to ask her if, before parting with her child, she had attached a charm to its neck.

The Queen looked at her with sur rise. "Who has told you this, Grace I know well it was a sin, but I did it in ignorance; our good God will forgive me. Why speak of it now? Oh, maiden, why why speak of it now? Oh, maiden, why probe a wound that never can be healed, not even by the blessing I have received this day, for my babe was unbaptized." Grace unfolded the paper in which the

Ob, Grace, when, where, did you it? Speak; I cannot bear the suspense."
"To-day Anselm gave it me—the musi-

"To day Anseim gave it me—the indas-cian."

"O my God! that child born blind he spoke of—that child at the Fathers' house— that child cured by the relic! Oh, Grace, no, no, it cannot, cannot be. Oa Heaven! What is heaven! Earth is heaven if the child lives and is baptized!"

"He is baptized," said Grace in a voice of the decreat enotion: "he is a noble

of the deepest emotion; "he is a noble Christian child; on his fair brow and in his sweet eyes there is innocence; and

his sweet eyes there is innocence; and royalty in his bearing."

Passionate were that mother's tears, passionate her thanksgivings; the rankling wound was healed, the aching void filled; the soul-consuming anguish for ever at an end. "Baptizad," she kept repeating in a low voice, or else gazing at Grace in a kind of speechless eestasy. She looked upon the charm which was lying on her knee. "It has touched his little neck," she said with an accent of inexpressible tenderness. But she deliberately rose, and was about to cast it into ately rose, and was about to cast it into the brazier in the centre of the room. "What are you doing?" said Grace, holding her hand.

"It is a thing accursed," she replied.
"Can I to-day deny my God a sacrifice?
Oh, Grace, I must die of gratitude at His

feet."
"Yet stop; destroy it not: it may serve to identify the child."
"Do you think I wish to claim my boy? Oh, never; never in this world are these eyes to look upon him. Death, or severe imprisonment, are about to be my portion. Grace, I know the King; perhaps he will not kill me, because my face is citil because in his avera and my conhaps he will not kill me, because my face is still pleasing in his eyes, and my conversation to his taste; but not one moment's freedom, not one moment's indulgence, have I to expect from him. If his sword does not pierce my heart, it will ever be pointed at my breast, and I shall live from day to day under sentence of death, for I shall tell him I am a Christian, and will continue so to my life's end; and do you think that if I could I would claim my son, and give him back end; and do you think that if I could I would claim my son, and give him back to his heathen father? Do you think I would expose his soul to danger for the sake of resting my weary eyes upon his beloved face? of feeling his little hands round my neck, and quenching in one moment the thirst of the heart which for

years has consumed me? Oh, no, not for all that this world could give of joy; not to escape the long martyrdom which awaits me. But you will see him, Grace; you will speak to him of his mother; you will tell him how her life is one long deep thought of him; how his Christian mother will joyfully suffer any agony that man can inflict if he but reaches the home in the skies where one day she hopes to sit at his feet. Oh yes, Grace, at his feet, for he must be far above me there; my Christian boy, my baptized son, reared in the shade of the sanctuary, at the feet of Jesus, in the arms of Mary. Give him my blessing, Grace; and oh, dearest of friends, and more than friend, receive mine also. Thou hast been to me far, far more than a mother or a sister. Thou hast done well by me, Grace, and great will be thy reward; those bright locks cut off, those bright earthly hopes renounced, that poverty embraced, those are already pledges of what is not seen to the same than a mother or a sister. bright locks cut off, those bright earthly hopes renounced, that poverty embraced, that those are already pledges of what is reserved to thee hereafter; the BEST PART; the part that shall never be taken away from those who have strength to choose it. Wonder not to hear me speak thus when on the very threshold of my Christian life; I had been one so long in heart, had available to the property of the transfer of I had prayed so much for light, and in those hours of prayer many things were revealed to me. And now farewell; and may it be given to us both to die for the faith of Christ, or to suffer much and long for His dear sake.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHY?

Why do people go to church late when it is just as easy to form a habit of going in time? These same people would not want to miss part of a good drama if they were going to a theatre. Why miss any part of the Mass? says an observer in one exchange. Why will the people sit down before the priest is seated during the services? These same people would consider it very impolite to take their seat first if in the presence of the president of the United States or if in Europe, in the presence of a king. What is a presiient or king compared to a representative of Christ? Why are so many people afraid of their own voice in answering the public prayers of the church? These same people are never afraid to raise their voice in conversation, nay, perhaps sometimes even to the detriment of their neigh bors. Why be ashamed to use the voice for the honor and glory of God? Why will people be rude while the sermon is being delivered by reading their prayerbook more diligently that during Mass or by leaving the Church, thus showing the want of all knowledge of good manners? people would hesitate to do a rude act in worldly society. Why be less polite in the house of Gcd? Why will people persist in leaving the church about two minutes before the services are over? Are all going on important business which cannot be delayed? Is any business more important than the service of God? These same moments of time may be wanted at the hour of death and may be refused And why do people not learn to close the door quietly upon entering and leaving the church? The same noise would be considered out of place in our own home. Good parents will correct their children for slamming a

door; why show less good manners in our Father's house? Why do Catholics, women especially, stubbornly betray their ignorance and ill breeding by refusing to move in when another seeks admisson to pew they occupy. We have seen four or five young women, often young girls, sit stoically in a pew and allow elderly people, men and women, to climb over them before they could get a place to sit.

We have seen people return from the altar after receiving the body and blood of Christ subject to the same treatment, i. e., made to climb over four or five people before they could get a spot to kneel on in a pew, and this in churches where the congregation are considered as cultured and educated. These same Catholics would have to rise in a theatre to allow a person to pass them to a seat which they had paid for, while in a church, even a pewholder, who has the least idea of common courtesy, would step out and allow another person to pass in, in case he desired to retain the outside seat.

These may seem trivial matters, but they have much to do with what is high and holy. Any action done for God should be well done. Why not learn to do little things well? Let us try at least. - New World.

HERESY ON THE RAMPAGE.

And now our Campbellite friends have yielded to a fashionable custom and are enjoying a heresy trial of their own, says the Midland Review. Out at Des Moines, Iowa, Prof. Ogcar W. Morgan of Drake University, is being accused of heresy because he admits that he does not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and doubts seriously if they be divine writings. Baptists, Campbellites, Presbyterians, Episcopalians—all have heresy courts Episcopalians—all have heresy courts from day to day. Singularly, Catholics have none of these things. We hope Drake University may settle the Bible question. If it is not inspired, why should the government send it abroad in Tagalog and blow it into the Filipinos with costly shells?

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have yon rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nerviline—or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents, It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline, the sure pain cure.

"Tis worth a bag of gold." This applies The Boundary Line

The inference to be drawn from the Chr above quotation is that wisdom itself, con which is so precious a human gift, is we rendered useless if its acquirement is tead too long delayed. This, then, is a serious thought for all of us, especially The

for the young and inexperienced who

THE FOLLY OF LEARNING WIS- tric

star

DOM WHEN 'TIS TOO LATE.

"Wisdom," quoth the sage.
"Comes with old age,"
"Then." quacked the "goose,"
"What's the use?"

are starting out in life's conflict de-prived of this stay and shield in the shaping of their conduct and the guid-tha ance of their actions. Without a fair quota of wisdom either inherited or acquired, the earlier career must be wayward and erratic. No doubt if they live long enough in the world than drub against its rough edges, they will learn wisdom, for it is acknowledged by those who have been through the "mill" that the school of necessity. 'mill "that the school of necessity is the very best place to learn that real, practical knowledge which gives us a useful comprehension of the ways of the world, its restless activities, its follies, its strivings all and selfish ambitions. If on the hap other hand we have utilized our fro dearly bought experience we may have gained a correct idea of the things that constitute the nobler and brighter side of life, namely, high principles of hon-or, purity of character, lovableness of osition, a fellow feeling with a good admixture of the charity of the age good Samaritan in it, together with a true desire to follow out the truths and eachings of the Sermon on the Mount If our earlier combat with the world teach us such lessens, emphasized and burned into the mind, there is no good reason why we should have to wait to the end of our lives for the gift of wisdom which the aforesaid sage alleges comes with old age. If, however, we are so unfortunate as not to profit by our experience, but rather belong to the unthinking class of people who live in air castles, it will not be well with us, because many of the best years of our lives may be consumed in fruitless enterprises, the outcome of which may dampen our ardor and paralyze our

future ambitions. It is a fact, nevertheless, that most speculative men at some period in their lives have indulged in air castle building without ever realizing the shadowy character of the labor they engaged in; for it is a well known truth that men often entertain themselves by the sub tle fascination of the illusions they cherish, thus bridging over a part, if not the whole, of their mortal existence with the pleasing hopes of what the future has in store for them.

The expected or hoped for good may

be a heritage of fame or fortune or the

all too hopeful aspirants may have vague ideas of future personal achieve ments that will bring them glory and a great name. The restless mind of man s never so well pleased as when it is occupied in projecting measures for some new undertaking. From the hour we feel the prompting towards the attainment of the end in view we console ourselves with the imaginary improvements and progress we think we are making. We flatter ourselves into a belief that every day brings some addition to the original scheme and that the difficulties that beset us in the beginning are disappearing one by one as we move onward to the goal. To serious work to do, and who have time and money to waste in these empty speculative pursuits, perchance this Incondition of life is preferable to any because they never suffer themselves to feel the pain of actual failure and defeat inasmuch as they scarcely ever approach the stern field of action. their energies are consumed in perfecting the theoretical side of the business they have in hand, plans and designs. final issues and probable results are discussed; materials may even be gathered; but the projected enterprise fails to take substantial shape or form because their visionary projectors missed their opportunities or were snatched away by death as they stood waiting for an opportune time to

The class of individuals who attempt to do much and yet perform nothing usually blame their circumstances for their shortcomings, thus betraying their own folly and unworthiness; whereas men of wisdom and merit blame themselves. Ill-directed and fruitless effort is oftentimes mistaken for ambition, but the assumption is the empty dream of the dwellers in the air castles, because true ambition is mark ed by practical zeal, unflinching determination of purpose, self confidence unceasing work and tireless energy the right direction and for tified with such an equipment its ulti-mate success is certain. On the contrary, the air castle builders never push their projects beyond the embryo stage. They make use of the architect, but not of the builder; their plans may be well wrought out but never executed. They would fain reap a harvest without planting the seed. This is surely the part of folly and de-lusion and self-deception, and if long persisted in it must pervert the lives of its devotees and lead them far as-tray into the wilderness of error, sham and unreality.

In the queer pranks that men play we often discern evidence of an uncon trollable force that seems to drive its victims onward in their waywardness. This fact was noticeable in the case of an English duke, who spent millions of money in constructing underground passages about his castle and demense. Nobody would question his right to spend his money as he thought fit, still the enormous outlay was regarded as strange, and was credited to the eccen-